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HENRY PETERSON, } TWO DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

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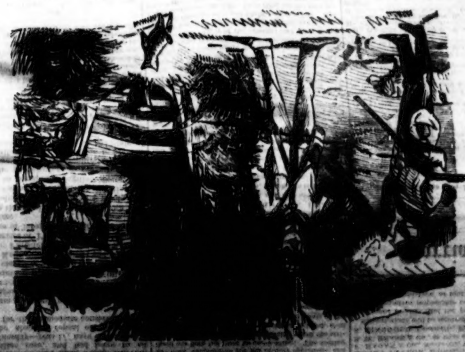
Wit and Humor.



SOMETHING IN THAT!

"Now, Tom," said Young Jos Wattop, "one of us ought to go on the stage, and one on the other; so we can divide the receipts."

"Oh, yes," replied Tom; "but how about the fall?"

"I'll take him. If you will get over the side."

Original Novelet.

VIVIA;

OR,

THE SECRET OF POWER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XII.

THE MORNING WAR.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear maid, when first
The clouds that wrap the world from youth did pass.
I would have well the best wish breath'd,
The spirit's sleep—in one that could not be
Angel but a lifetime died until inspired by thee!
—*Shelley.*

The next morning was as glorious as ever dawned upon this earth. The valley lay bathed in sunshine, in fields of frosted snow. In forests of glittering icicles blazed back a white, insufferable splendor, equal to that of the rising sun. From the stillness of the air, and the mild warmth of the morning sun, it might be known that, ere the day declined, the icy glories of the wintry scene would be melted into drops, and the incessant dripping from the roof, and the trickling of the rivulets, would be a constant music.

Wake had been up as early as his mother, had made his simple day's toilet, and had set his room in perfect order, to fill up the half hour before he dined intrude below.

"Good-morning, mother dear," he said, gayly, as he crossed the kitchen and took two pails to bring water. As the spring was not far from the house, he soon returned, and set the pails of water on the rude bench that usually held them. "And now, mother!" he asked, bringing in an old tub from the shed, "what is it I am to give poor Sukey for her breakfast? She had the last of the bay yesterday morning, and it was but a handful."

"You must cut up some of the carrots and turnips for her. It is a great waste, as few vegetables as we have, and really it does seem like taking the victuals out of the children's mouths to give them to the cow, but then it would be a sin to keep on starving and starving her, poor thing!"

"Why, so it would, mother! though it does seem hard to have to feed away our precious little stock of carrots and turnips, for the want of fodder that costs so little, and would be just as good for her."

"Ah, Wake, it is—The poverty of the poor is their destruction," as the Bible says. Half the time they haven't the chance to have if they would. And then richer people, with all things comfortable about them, blame the poor for their extravagance. But never mind *that*. It is no use to complain of it, for there is no much nonsense talked and acted in this world, and so much injustice done in one way and another, that it would be a nonsense to mention it."

"Now you mustn't be stingy to poor Sukey. She gives us sweet milk for breakfast and supper," said little Annie, who understood nothing of the subject of conversation, except that her favorite's provender was in debate.

"No, you mustn't be stingy to poor, dear Sukey, Wake," chimed in little Allie, who was always an echo to her sister.

"No, no, my children, you wouldn't, for you're sake, either Sukey. There now, you may go and help Wake to break up the carrots, and put them in the tub for Sukey. And then as the morning is so pleasant, you may come to the door and see her eat her breakfast, while I, milk," said their mother.

Wakefield had brought in a large basket of those roots, and set it with the tub near the door, and the little girls went to performed to help him at his job, while their mother set the table and made the coffee. By the time she had done these things, and was ready to milk the cow, Wake had his food prepared, and Wake's carried out to eat and set it under Sukey's nose, while a mother took her milking stool and pail and commenced operations. A poor looking, red and white cow was Sukey, seeming quite half-fed and carnivorous, as if she were determined to make up for the scanty allowance of her share of the winter's provender by her sharp attentions and responsibilities, as she actually did in their privations, and—their seasons. When the milking was over they all went in to tea. Mrs. Brunton stirred over the fire a delicious mess of hominy, and the children watched her with as much interest as if they had never seen that process before. And then their breakfast was put upon the table. It was almost exactly the same as their supper of the night previous, only the remaining half of the cold pone had been fried and toasted.

"I think, mother, I'll go out and mend the fence this morning, for as soon as the snow melts and softens I am afraid the cattle will be sure to break through it. It will be time to break up the ground for planting the garden."

"If you can, Wake; but I don't believe that you will be free from your studies to-day. Yesterday, you had a scholar, that had been driven over her shoes, and looked quite worthy of the immaculate cleanliness of the widow's cottage floor.

"Why they do look as if they had just stepped out of a glass-case, never enough, indeed, do you, too, my dear, for their master, look just the same, I'm sure," she added, in sincere flattery, as she placed her own chair for the little girl.

As soon as Vivia had sat down, the two children dropped their knitting and came up to her, and won by her bright smile, got down on the floor, on each side of her, and put their heads on her lap, and looked like clouds, and seemed to like to touch her, while she caressed and talked to them—leisurely, seeming to be in no haste to speak her errand at the cabin.

At last she said, "I am sorry it will be a very great pleasure, Wakefield."

"I wonder, though, if it will t teaching is said to be such a trying task ?"

"It won't be in this case, with such a willing teacher and such eager scholars learner."

"Ah, when may I begin ? but that is such a selfish question, too."

"Have you anything pressing to do this morning ?"

"Nothing in the world—unless it not my fault—seeing that I would work if I could find work."

"Well, then, there never will be such a good time for beginning to learn to read or write. So we will commence. But, will our lesson disturb you, Mrs. Brunton ?"

"No, my dear child, it will delight me! Heaven bless you !"

"What books have you got in the house, Wakefield ?"

"Nothing but the Bible—and we can't read that, either—but we keep it for the love of it, you know ?"

"Well, get it, and we will go off there by the window, and a boy of your age and quickness can learn all the letters on the title-page in an hour."

Vivia drew her chair up to the east window; and Wakefield brought his duodecimo Bible, and drawing another chair by her side, began to receive his first lesson.

"In a few years from this now, Wakefield, it will be you who will be able to teach me, you know; because there is no limit to a boy's learning, if he once gets a start, with the will to it that you have; while a girl seldom or never gets beyond a certain point," she said, encouragingly.

And while the widow called the children to her side, resumed her chair and her work, and their lesson in genteel knitting, Wakefield entered upon the thorny path of knowledge, led by a fairer, brighter guide than ever attended poor ambitious student.

So an hour passed quickly, and then the little ones, who had grown tired of their lesson, became very restless, and were strongly attracted to the window where the boy and his girl-teacher sat. And notwithstanding the frequent admonitions of their mother, made so many impromptu visits thither as to seriously interrupt Wakefield's studies; until at length Vivia took from her pocket a little book full of pictures, which she gave them to go away with.

Thus the remainder of the forenoon passed. The mother got dinner more quietly than ever a dinner was got before. And around the little meal there was a brisk and lively talk in compensation for the silence that had been previously. Wakefield was full of confidence and enthusiasm, and declared his belief that he should learn to read any book in a fortnight, that is, if he could have his lessons regularly.

"I'll tell you what I have been thinking of, Wakefield. There's Brother Peter, who sits all day long in his arm-chair, over his little stove in the porter's lodge, with nothing in the world to do. His office is a perfect sinecure; for by our Mother's orders, the gate is never locked. I'm sure his only uneasiness is to having nothing to occupy him—perhaps you, who are so active and industrious, don't know what

"At that moment, Wakefield, who had been set in the garden training vines, came in, and reported the snow to be thawing so fast that the roads would soon be in a dreadful state. Vivia arose and took her cloak to put it on to depart. Mrs. Brunton, after going to the door, and looking out, said,

"The snow is melting so fast that the paths will soon be running rills. Don't think of going now, dear. Stay and spend the day, and we will give you a partridge pie for dinner. And towards evening the ground will freeze again, and Wakefield will walk upon you home."

"Oh, I should love to stay, indeed; and at the Convent they have so much trust in my being able to take care of myself, that they would not be uneasy," said Vivia, laying down her cloak again.

"Oh, Wake! what do you think ? Vivia says that when the spring opens we can go to school to *her*," said Annie.

"Will the young lady take me, too, Annie ?" asked Wakefield, smiling, and glancing at Vivia.

"No—they don't take boys at the Convent."

"I am very sorry that they don't, Wakefield, I am sure. I think there ought to be a free school for boys in this neighborhood, and I hope there will be in time."

"I hope so, too, for the sake of others; but if it is not soon, it will be of no use to me, Miss Genevieve, for I am nearly thirteen years old, and cannot read."

"And is there no one of your friends that would teach you ?"

"No, for all my intimate acquaintance know how much I long to learn, because I have never made a secret of it, yet no one has ever volunteered to take the trouble of teaching me."

"Then I will teach you if you will permit me."

"No! will you though ?"

"Yes, indeed, if you will let me."

"But won't it be a great deal of trouble to you ?"

"No, indeed! on the contrary it will be a very great pleasure, Wakefield."

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"My name is Genevieve. Yes, I will go in the house. You need not leave your work to show me the way. I can find it out."

"Oh, I've done for the present," said the lad, driving the last nail, and then taking up his tools to attend her.

When they entered the cabin they found everything in perfect order. And Mrs. Brunton was cheerful. She was always cheerful, but was especially so this morning, while the first snow of the season was falling quite heavily, and carnivorous, as if she were determined to make up for the scanty allowance of her share of the winter's provender by her sharp attentions and responsibilities, as she actually did in their privations, and—their seasons. When the milking was over they all went in to tea. Mrs. Brunton stirred over the fire a delicious mess of hominy, and the children watched her with as much interest as if they had never seen that process before. And then their breakfast was put upon the table. It was almost exactly the same as their supper of the night previous, only the remaining half of the cold pone had been fried and toasted.

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"Oh, don't, I, though. Those long winter evenings will be enough to make my body decomposing, desperate, it is!"

"Well, now, I know that it would be a great blessing to Brother Peter to have something interesting to do regularly; and nothing could be more interesting, than to teach such an earnest student as you, Wakefield."

"Oh, would he do it, do you think ? would he do it every day ?"

"I am quite sure he would; to teach one people is a very light task, indeed, where he is so anxious to learn, and so quick as you are. And I am very certain that Brother Peter would be much fresher for having it to do."

"Oh, I should be so happy ! it would be like—I was just a-going to say the kingdom of Heaven—so it would !"

"Well, Wakefield, I promise you faithfully that you shall have the opportunity. I will see and speak to Brother Peter to-morrow morning. And to-morrow, as soon as you have done waiting on your mother, you come up to the Convent and see the result."

Wakefield expressed his satisfaction in the most exaggerated, yet withal, the most sincere terms; for with all his real gratitude to Vivia, he had reasons for preferring the fluctuations of Brother Peter; he did not wish to give Vivia too much trouble, and he had rather receive regular instructions from a man, than interrupted lessons from a little girl.

After dinner, as the boy's mind was unsettled, Vivia proposed to resume her teaching. And, with a little hesitation, lest he should tire her patience, Wakefield consented. The short afternoon soon passed. As the widow had predicted, towards evening it turned very cold, and the ground began to freeze. And then Vivia wrapped herself in her scarlet cloak to depart. And Wakefield put on a great coat that was a world too much for his small

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SATURDAY

EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 8th, the action of the Naval Board was sanctioned by Mr. Toombs, and defended by Messrs. Clayton and Benjamin—the former being willing to correct any errors they had unintentionally committed.

Mr. Bayard had an imputation to make against a Board composed of honorable and meritorious men. The law under which they acted was the most barbarous ever passed by the legislature of any civilized country. He...

...upon for three years.

...England and Austria continue to send...although it is forward to...tions are...dered; but a change is reported on the...the authenticity of which is doubted, says that it will be either Paris or London. It will be the Russian Plenipo. 2d of February be...

It will...signatures are ...they had 25 agreements...

In the...

...reached ...

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